
Title: Discovery of the Tomb

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Day Six:

Late last night our camp
was set upon by a pack
of wild beasts -
behemoth creatures with
a speed and viciousness
I'd n'ere before seen.
Even Grimmoch, well
versed in all manner of
wildlife, was unsure as to
their nature - though I
lay blame upon the
darkness covering their
movements rather than on
his skill as a huntsman.
The attacks did not let
up the entire night, and
we were eventually forced
to flee into the Tomb
itself to take refuge
from the ravenous
creatures - e'en
Lysander's spells could
not keep the foul things
from attacking in great
numbers. The Tomb
performed well as an
impromptu fortress, and
we managed to spend the
night unscathed. Morning's
light seemed to have
scattered the beasts, as
not a single one of them
was to be seen as exited
the Tomb - not even a
carcass of the few that
were slain a'fore we fled.
Lysander set the crew to
work, moving our supplies
and gear into the Tomb,
in case the creatures did
opt to return. Such
savage fury had the
beasts - and not a single
one ever turned to run,
even in the face of
certain death.